

For the Children

SIX TIMES NINE.

I studied my tables over and over
And backward and forward too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine,
And I didn't know what to do,
Till my sister told me to play with my doll,
And not to bother my head.
"If you call her Fifty-four for a while,
You'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite Mary Ann,
Though I thought it a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child
Such a perfectly horrid name;
And I called her dear little "Fifty-four"
A hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well
As the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth,
Who always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two,"
And I nearly laughed aloud.
But I wish I hadn't, for teacher said,
"Now, Dorothy, tell if you can."
I thought of my doll, and—sakes alive!
I answered, "Mary Ann!"

KNEW HIM AT SIGHT.

One of the principal annual events in Chicago is the great live-stock show, which is usually held late in November or early in December. It is attended by stock-breeders and fanciers from all parts of the country, and even from Europe. Many of the visitors wear costly fur or skin overcoats, and present an imposing spectacle as they stroll along the streets of the city.

Among the visitors at a live-stock show a few years ago was a large, white-bearded man who wore an enormous overcoat, reaching nearly to his feet, that looked as if it had been made from the hide of a polar bear. Soon after his arrival, and while he was walking along near the stock-yards, a little girl who had been playing in front of a tenement house happened to see him. For a full minute she gazed at him in open-eyed wonder. Then she timidly approached.

"Please," she said, "I'd like to whisper something to you."

"Me?" said the stranger, stooping until his ear was within whispering distance.

"What is it, little one?"

"I want a wax doll."

"A what?"

"A real wax doll,—for Christmas, you know,—one that will open and shut its eyes; one that's got slippers on its feet. Don't forget!"

"Little girl, who do you think I am?"

"Oh, I know who you are. You're Santa Claus."

The man straightened up.

"Why, yes, of course. But don't tell anybody. You're the only one that has found it out. I'll see that you get the doll and it will be just the kind

you want. I haven't my pack with me, but I'll pick out the doll, all right. What's your name?"

She told him, and gave him the number of the tenement in which she and her mother had the top rooms, and he made a memorandum on a scrap of paper he found in one of his pockets. Then, bidding the little girl a cordial "Good-bye," he resumed his walk. Later in the day he dropped into one of the largest toy stores in Chicago, and looked over the stock of wax dolls.

"What's this one worth?" he asked, having found one that fulfilled all the requirements.

"Five dollars," said the shop-girl.

"Can I order it now and have it delivered on Christmas Eve, without fail?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Sure?"

"We'll guarantee it, sir."

"All right," he said, handing her the scrap of paper. "Send it to this address, and mark it 'From Santa Claus.' Here's your five dollars."

Replacing in his pocket the fat roll of bills from which he had extracted the necessary "V," he waited for his receipt, and five minutes later he was in the street again, making his way to his hotel.—Youth's Companion.

MRS. QUAIL'S YARD.

By Hilda Richmond.

One day Betty and Richard came flying in from the wheat-field, all out of breath, to tell of a wonderful discovery they had made. Right out in the wheat was a lovely little nest with twelve white eggs in it, and something had hurt the poor mother bird.

"She could hardly run through the wheat," said Richard as soon as he could stop panting. "I guess her wing was broken."

"Yes, and she was making a pitiful little noise as if it hurt dreadful," gasped Betty. "Won't you come right out and help us find her, grandpa? Maybe we could bind up her poor wing."

Then how grandpa had to laugh.

"Children, she was only joking you," he said. "You see, she did not want you to stay near her nest, so she played her wing was broken. When I was a little boy, I used to run after quails time and again, but I know better now. They lead you as far away as possible, and then dart back as quickly as they can to look after their eggs."

"Naughty bird!" said Betty; but Richard laughed and said, "I think they are very smart birds."

"When the men cut the wheat they will break her eggs, grandpa," said Betty.

"Well," said grandpa with a twinkle in his eye, "if she is a naughty bird, you will not be sorry if the nest is broken up, will you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Betty. "May we take it up very carefully and put it in the fence-corner, grandpa?"

"No, you could not do that," said Mr. Gray. "I will tell the men to leave a little strip of wheat around Mrs. Quail's home for a front yard. She is a good little friend of mine, and I can afford to waste a little wheat to protect her."